

By C. M. Payne

About Plays  
and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

**HARRY LAUDER**, who recently spent two weeks in Canada with his theatrical company, did good work for Great Britain while over the line. During the course of every performance he gave he made a speech urging the men in the audience to join the British fighting forces. In Peterboro, Ontario, twenty-two men, after listening to the Scotch comedian, joined the volunteers. Mr. Lauder told his hearers that he had given the army his son and that he would go to the trenches himself if the recruiting authorities would accept him.

Incidentally, he swelled his bank account considerably while in Canada. Two performances in St. John, N. B., brought in gross receipts amounting to \$4,500, and the population of the town isn't much more than \$5,000. Lauder's play, "The Night Before," is in Toronto this week with William Morris in charge.

**MISS KENTON TO WED.** Dorothy Kenton, who has been playing the banjo in vaudeville for a number of years, is to be married soon. The fortunate man is James McKenney White of the ribbon and lace firm of Ferris & White. Eventually she will give up her stage work, but her retirement will probably not take place until the finish of the present theatrical season. Miss Kenton is a very attractive blonde.

**BY WAY OF DIVERSION.** Said Silas McGuggin in Peewee's store, "It won't be so long till we'll hear, 'What's the score?' On baseball! I'll have to admit I'm a fan. I played mighty well when a young, active man. I covered first base and I did it in style. The girls used to sit there and oggle and smile. You see, I looked good to the whole female crowd." Jed Peewee grunted and spit at the stove. "As first base," said Silas, "I never went wrong. I'd whistle and dance and I'd sing 'em a song, and when red-hot liners came anywhere near, I'd nab 'em one-handed to hear the crowd cheer. And when the game ended the girls used to rush right onto the field and surround me and gush. To keep 'em all on the same footing I strove." Jed Peewee grunted and spit at the stove. "Oh, I was a winner," said Silas went on, "and that's on the level. I never use 'em." He wasn't aware that his wife had come in, and when she stepped forward there followed "come" dis. She grabbed him and shook him. She'd heard all he'd said. She nudged him all up from his waist to his head. At last she let go. Through the door Silas dove. Jed Peewee grunted and spit at the stove.

**TWO NEW PLAYS.** Frank Ferguson, in vaudeville, has written a farce called "The Queen High," which may be produced by Edgar J. McGregor. Frank Fogarty, also of vaudeville, has written an Irish comedy-drama called "The House of Kierigan" in collaboration with Waldemar Young, a San Francisco newspaper man. It is said Mr. Fogarty will star in it.

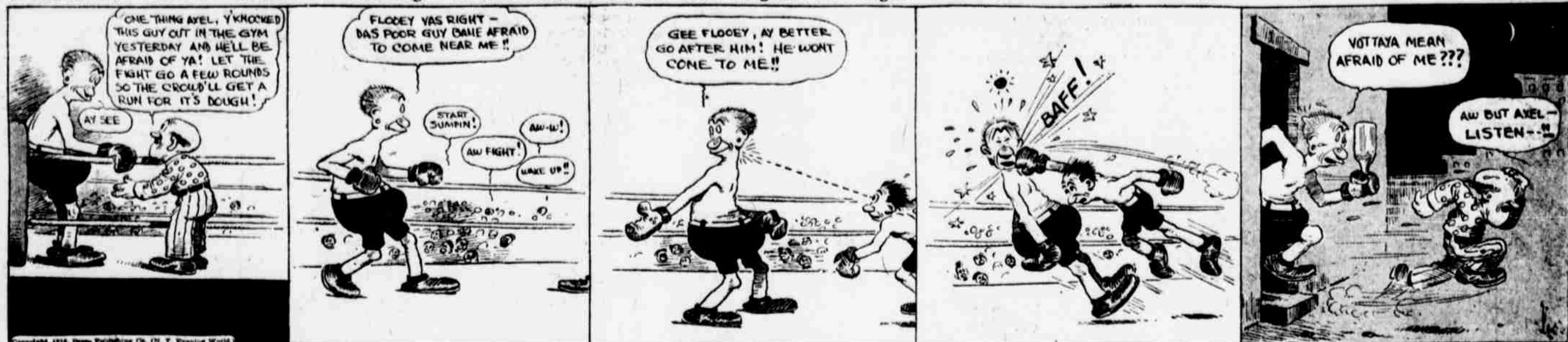
**GOSSIP.** The Twelfth Night Club will give a matinee performance at the Helms Theatre to-morrow. Harry Davidson has become advance representative for "Eva Tanguay in 'The Girl Who Smiles'." The new "Cohan Revue, 1916," which opens to-night at the Astor, is so long the curtain will rise at 8 sharp. The Neighborhood Playhouse will celebrate its first birthday Saturday by reviving the festival given there in November. George MacFarlane was a guest of honor last night at the Caledonian Club's banquet at the Hotel Biltmore. Alice Johnson, the most beautiful model in the Winter Garden's Sunday Fashion Show, is now in "Town Topics." A cat killed Marion Garces's polliwog the other day and since the murder Miss Garces has worn a black ribbon in her hair. Do you remember how Mike, in the Weber & Fields skit, draws the fiddle bow across Meyer's nose? Well, in

## 'S'MATTER, POP!



## FLOOEY AND AXEL—This Ought to Teach Axel to Use His OWN Judgment in a Fight!

By Vic



## HENRY HASENPFEFFER—Either The Man Was a Boob or a Master of Sarcasm; Which?

By Bud Counihan



Milwaukee recently somebody put limburger cheese on the bow. One "Pair of Sides" will close Saturday night in Williamantic, Conn., and another will quit Feb. 22 in Manchester, N. H. Three will continue playing.

An error was made Monday in this department when it was stated that Ansel Schorr was the author of the "Thommesky Theatre's" play, "Capital Punishment." Morris Schorr wrote it.

Fatima, the dancer on the Orpheum circuit, was sitting in a hotel lobby not long ago when a boy came through paying "Fatima." A travelling salesman offered her the last cigarette. William Elliott's production of "The Greatest Nation" will not open at the Booth Monday, as announced. Later it will be seen in a Shubert theatre. "The Fear Market" will continue at the Booth. Ada Meade has been honored by the folks in her old home town, Lexington, Ky. A theatre down there has been named after her and it's no jibney picture house, either.

Phyllis Neilson-Terry has returned to New York after finishing a season of eight weeks in vaudeville. She will begin rehearsing in "The Idler." The name of the play will be changed. Ethel Barrymore in "Our Mrs. McChesney" will leave the Lyceum Theatre Saturday evening, Feb. 26, and go to Boston for four weeks. Previously arranged bookings are the cause of her leaving New York.

**THIS ACTRESS CAN COOK.** Grace Valentine, actress, was pretty proud yesterday. "What do you think," she said, "I cooked my own breakfast?" "And what did you have to eat?" asked her friend, Kyr Skoptish, the sculptor. "I had an orange, some cold rice and cream and a glass of milk," replied Miss Valentine.

**FOOLISHMENT.** Albert Chance (opposed to Max, said he'd marry the last day. "Gee," she said, "You're in a trance." She refused to take A. Chance.

**FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.** "Who was the first to leave the Ark when it landed?" "Noah." "You're wrong. The good book says Noah came forth."

**SHE SPOOFED HIM.** A young man named Nicholas, who is often seen on Broadway, proposed marriage to an actress the other night. She turned him down and it made him mad. "It's going to be me or nobody," he said. "If I married you it might be both." He replied sweetly. He's still wondering.

## PREPAREDNESS

By Thornton Fisher



**CHOW CHOW.** There's many a cliff dweller who starts downstairs thinking he's going to give the janitor a good howling out, only to discover when he meets the gentleman that what he really intended was to hand him a cigar.

No matter how painful his corns may be a man never will limp while he's passing a peach-olina.

**WHY GOATS LEAVE HOME.** He got up in the dead of night To pull the curtains back; Neglected to turn on the light And stepped right on a tack.

Some men who pose as examples can't even be solved by algebra.

**HOPELESS HOPES.** That some day we'll meet a girl who really looks like some of those magazine covers.

**PAEANS OF PAIN.** Bill Squiz, the tailor, one infers, Must lead a saddened life. He pleases all his customers But cannot suit his wife!

Let us erect a monument to the man who never made a mistake—when we find him.

**SOFT ANSWERS.** Editor "The Periscope": Do you have hard work thinking up your paragraphs, or do you just sit down and dash them off?—J. E. R. Both. The paragraphs are so hard to write that we put dashes between 'em.

## THE PERISCOPE

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By Hazen Conklin.

**Y**OU read this column And you think: "The squirrels ought to get that gink." I'd like to argue With you, but. You see, I'm paid to Be a "nut!" And all through life, if You will look, You'll note the ginks who "Get the hook" Are those who'd rather Walk in pride Than be called "nuts" And get a ride!

OUR OWN MASKED MARVELS.

**NO. 12.** The woman who weighs 218 pounds and admits that she has lost her figure and is really too stout.

**UNMODIFIED MARATHON** For the World's Long Distance Chinning Championship.

**IRA LATTE** Who insists upon telling you the complete story of his life. Edited by the Autobiographical Association.

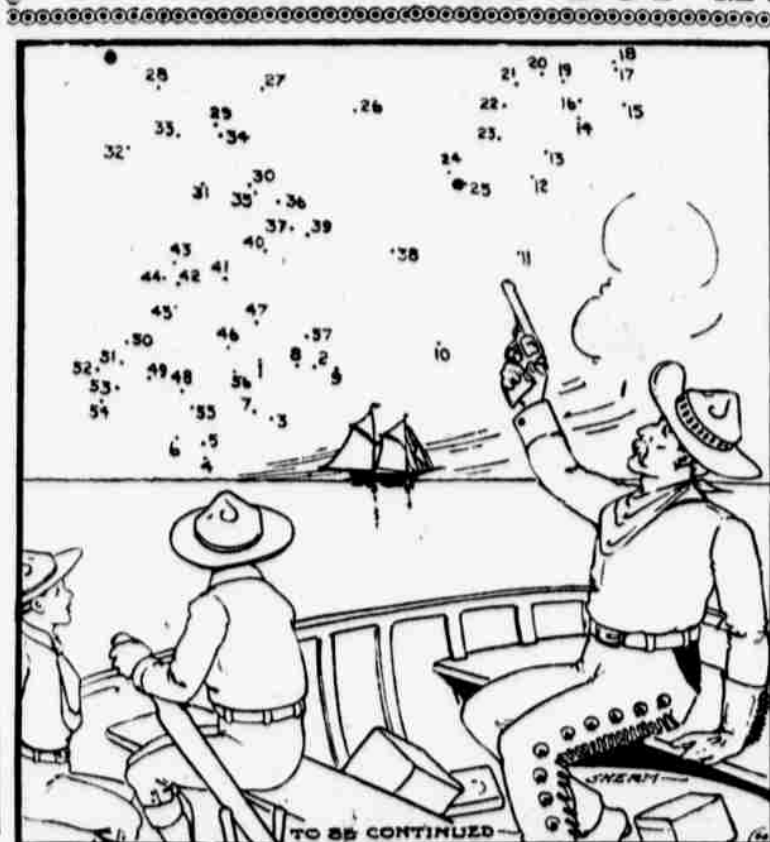
## KID IDEAS

By Ferd G. Long



## THE GREAT DOT MYSTERY

(Copyright, 1916, by the Wheeler Syndicate.)



**CHAPTER FORTY.** THE crabs which the Boy Scouts found on the beach were not very filling, but after a hearty meal they jumped in their rowboat to go to their schooner. As they were leaving the shore the cowboy furnished more food by shooting a wild—

(Join the dots with a pencil line, beginning with dot No. 1 and tracing them in numerical order. Chapter forty-one will be printed Friday.)

**Mistaken Identity.** A MAN with a really excellent mother-in-law came back from the shore last week with a mother-in-law story. He said a woman fell off the pier into the sea one morning and a fat man began to rave and roar: "My wife! Oh, save my dear wife! A reward of \$20 to the man who will save my wife from a watery grave!" A fisherman leaped in and saved the woman. Then he modestly demanded the promised \$20 from the fat man. But the fat man bit his lip and said: "I'm sorry, my dear fellow, but there has been some mistake. You see, it wasn't my wife you saved, after all. I mixed the two ladies up in the confusion of the moment." The fisherman took out his purse. "That's just my luck," he said. "How much do I owe you?"—Washington Star.

## DIPPY DICTIONARY

**SWEETHEART**—NOUN MEANING MUSH BLINDNESS—CHATTER UNINTELLIGIBLY—TRAVEL IN PAIRS—THRIVE IN ALL CLIMES.